

2/16/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PST
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PST

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to
"Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, the thirteenth of February is Blondie's and Dagwood's ninth wedding anniversary, and this year, the thirteenth happens to fall on a Friday. It also happens to be Mrs. Dithers birthday. Dagwood and Mr. Dithers haven't forgotten this important date, because here they are, in Mr. Dithers office, on the day before, discussing plans for a joint celebration...

Dagwood!
DITHERS: ^{That's wonderful.}
(LAUGHS) Then we'll take them out ice-skating -- what do you say to that, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That sounds swell!

DITHERS: Then -- let's see.... Well, a nice dinner somewhere, and then we'll go to the Heron Club for a little dancing.

DAGWOOD: It ought to be quite a time, J. C. -- ~~me~~, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: ^{Call me S.C.}
Yes, I think the girls will enjoy it.

DAGWOOD: There's only one thing that worries me. Tomorrow's going to be Friday the thirteenth. Something always happens to me on Friday the thirteenth.

DITHERS: Something always happens to you on practically every other day of the year, too.

DAGWOOD: I guess that's right.

DITHERS: Just don't walk into any open manholes.

DAGWOOD: I'll try to avoid it, J.C. Now ~~shall~~ we ~~tell~~ the girls ^{Will phone} about our plans tonight?

DITHERS: Oh, no -- no! We want this to be a surprise.

DAGWOOD: I get it, J. C. We'll pretend we've forgotten all about the anniversary and birthday. We'll pretend it's just another day.

DITHERS: That's it, Dagwood. I'll leave for the office, and you leave for the office. We'll meet ~~there~~ ^{here - Dagwood - then we'll phone} ~~there~~ ^{here} ~~there~~ ^{here} Dithers: No, ^{Bumstead - we'll} ~~there~~ ^{here} ~~there~~ ^{here} everything ready for the day -- and then go back and ^{get} surprise them.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. They always think that you've forgotten.

DITHERS: We won't disappoint them.

DAGWOOD: Gee, will they be sore!

DITHERS: And will they be surprised when we come back to get them!

BOTH: (LAUGH)

MUSIC.....

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood....?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie? What is it.

BLONDIE: Nothing....I just wanted to make sure you were still at the table. All I can see is the morning paper.

DAGWOOD: Oh.....Well, I'm still on the other side of it.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: OH, yes I see now.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, do you know what day today is?

DAGWOOD: Sure, it's Friday.

BLONDIE: I mean, what date is it?

DAGWOOD: Oh..It's right here at the top of the paper. ^{let's see.} February thirteenth, 1942.

BLONDIE: Hmm...Doesn't that mean anything to you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, I don't think it -- hey! I almost forgot! Gee, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Well, now you remember don't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's Friday the thirteenth!

BLONDIE: Ohhhhh.

DAGWOOD: I'll have to be ^{Misc} ~~very~~ careful today. You know -- open manholes, walking under ^{BLACK CATS --} ~~ladders.~~

BLONDIE: Isn't there anything else that's important about February the thirteenth? Think hard now. It's a very special day for someone.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I know now, Blondie. (LAUGHS) Imagine me forgetting it. It's Mrs. Dithers birthday.

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right, it's Mrs. Dithers -- -- no, that's not it.

DAGWOOD: But it is her birthday.

BLONDIE: You can't remember what happened nine years ago today? What happened on February thirteenth, 1933?

DAGWOOD: Let me see -- 1933. I don't suppose it could have been Washington's birthday?

BLONDIE: Not on February thirteenth!

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so...

(SOUND OF BLONDIE DRUMMING ON THE TABLE WITH HER FINGERTIPS...CONTINUES.....)

DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) Blondie, are you making that noise.

BLONDIE: I am.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you don't usually drum on the table with your fingers. Anything wrong, honey?

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- no -- nothing at all.

DAGWOOD: Has Cousin Edgar been causing you some more trouble?

BLONDIE: Today I like Cousin Edgar very much. ^{Dagwood: Why?} At least he is thoughtful and considerate and remembers some of the nice little things that are so important.

DAGWOOD: It's too bad Mr. Dithers doesn't feel that way about him.

BLONDIE: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: Nothing, Except I think he's going to fire Cousin Edgar.

BLONDIE: Oh.

DAGWOOD: I suppose he's still sleeping.

BLONDIE: Yes, but you're not very wide-awake, either.

DAGWOOD: Holy Smoke, look at the time, I'd better be running along.

BLONDIE: (COLDLY) Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Aren't you going to hold the door open for me?

BLONDIE: No -- I think I'll finish my coffee.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, is something wrong?

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- nothing at all.

DAGWOOD: Well -- goodbye then. I'll be back a little early.

BLONDIE: Don't hurry.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie....Goodbye....(FADING)

~~BLONDIE: Goodbye.~~

DAGWOOD: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE -- OFF) Goodbye, honey.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES OFF...)

BLONDIE: Oh dear -- Our ninth wedding anniversary and he forgets it completely. I'm going to have to teach him a lesson!

MUSIC:...

GOODWIN: Well, from Blondie's standpoint, her ninth wedding anniversary which happened to fall on Friday the thirteenth has started out with a jinx on it. I wonder what the lesson is she's going to teach Dagwood. Of course, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers have planned the whole thing as a surprise, but I have an awful hunch that surprise may backfire on them. Well, we join Blondie, shortly after she has left the breakfast table, still pretty angry. Alexander has a pretty good idea what's bothering her...

ALEXANDER: Aw, don't take it so hard, mom!

BLONDIE: You're very sweet, Alexander, but it won't do any good to sympathize with me now!

ALEXANDER: No, but I'm gonna take your mind off your troubles. Look at the pictures here.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING A LITTLE IN SPITE OF HERSELF) All right.

ALEXANDER: See, here's one of a fellow ridin' a cow.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING A LITTLE MORE) Alexander, that isn't a cow! That's what they call a Brahma steer!

ALEXANDER: Honest?

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BLONDIE: You can tell by those vicious-looking long horns, and -- and that unfriendly expression. Riding wild steers like that is one of the most dangerous of all events in a rodeo. Why, do you know lots of cowboys can't even stay on for ten seconds!

DAGWOOD: ~~That's one of the most dangerous events in a rodeo -- riding a wild steer, bareback! It takes a good man to stay on a Brahma's back for only ten seconds!~~

GOODWIN: Yes, ^{Blondie} ~~Dagwood~~, it takes an expert like Championship Cowboy Gene Rambo to stick on the top deck of a wild Brahma steer. And when Gene hops off, he's glad to take it easy with a Camel. Gene Rambo says --

RAMBO VOICE: Sure, pardner, give me the cigarette that tastes good all the time. I really go for that Camel flavor and that smooth extra mildness.

GOODWIN: Right, Gene Rambo! And remember that Camels give you more smáking pleasure for your money! They're slower-burning, and that means extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too! Reason for this is costlier tobaccos -- and even more important -- the tried and tested Camel blending process -- the know-hôw that blends choice tobaccos into a superb cigarette. Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC

GOODWIN: Well, it's a little later. Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are in Mr. Dithers office, getting everything ready for a big day. It seems their experiences this morning were almost identical....

DAGWOOD: And Blondie just sat there, drumming on the table with her fingers. You could almost see lightning flashing out of her eyes.

DITHERS: Well, that's all the better. Think how wonderful she'll feel when we pick her up to go out skating... Of course, you talk about Blondie -- you should have seen Cora.

DAGWOOD: Was she mad?

DITHERS: Well, she kept fingering one of our heavy silver candlesticks and looking at the top of my head. Dagwood, she was as close to homicide as I've ever seen her.

DAGWOOD: She'll be pretty surprised, won't she?

DITHERS: Yes, but when we go back to the house to tell her about our plans, I think it'll be safer if we carry a white flag along with us. Well, shall we go?

DAGWOOD: Yep, I'm ready. ^{J.C.}

DITHERS: I wonder what the girls are doing now?

DAGWOOD: Just sitting home, broken-hearted, I suppose.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Wait'll they hear about our surprise!!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Hello?.. ^{IS} Mrs. Dithers?—

CORA: (FILTER) Is that you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, I just called up to wish you a happy birthday.

CORA: Oh, thank you, Blondie. That's very nice of you to remember. And I want to wish you a happy anniversary.

BLONDIE: Thank you, ~~Mrs. Dithers~~ ^{CORA}

CORA: Quite frankly, Blondie, you are the first one to wish me a happy birthday. Dithers forgot again.

BLONDIE: He did?

CORA: I almost reminded him with a large silver candlestick, but he got out the door before I could wind up...

BLONDIE: Well, ~~Mrs. Dithers~~ ^{CORA}, I hate to have to admit it, but Dagwood forgot our anniversary.

CORA: Oh, how terrible! Your ninth wedding anniversary, and he forgot. Men are thoughtless!

BLONDIE: You're so right. Always thinking of themselves.

CORA: Never giving a thought to their wives,

BLONDIE: And we go on, day after day, trying to make a happy home for them.

CORA: That's one of the things I like about prize fights. It does my heart good to see the men taking a beating for a change,

BLONDIE: You know what I think we ought to do?

CORA: What?

BLONDIE: Well, we'll just make ourselves unhappy sitting around at home. Why don't we get together and go out somewhere by ourselves and have a good time. We don't have to have those men with us to enjoy ourselves.

CORA: That's a good idea, Blondie. What'll we do?

BLONDIE: Well, they're having a sale on hats, at Ormandy's.

CORA: Hmmmmm -- that's interesting.

BLONDIE: Yes, isn't it?

CORA: I'll be right over, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Fine! I'll be waiting for you. ~~We'll show them.~~
CORA: A new bonnet won't make up for things but it will help. Blondie: We'll show them.
CORA: We certainly will... Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye. CORA.

(HANGS UP...)

EDGAR: (COMING UP) Good morning, Blondie -- and Happy Anniversary

BLONDIE: (SOMEONE HAS REMEMBERED) Oh, thank you, Cousin Edgar.

EDGAR: I have a little present for you. It's not much, but -- well, here they are. They're a half a dozen pottery (CRASH)
Five pottery ash trays.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you so much.

(RATTLE OF ASH TRAYS...)

BLONDIE: This is -- well, it's very thoughtful of you, Edgar.

EDGAR: Why not at all, Blondie. I certainly wouldn't forget your anniversary. After all, it's a big day.

BLONDIE: It hasn't been so far.

EDGAR: Why, Blondie -- what's wrong?

BLONDIE: Oh -- it's just that -- well, Dagwood forgot.

EDGAR: (HORRIFIED) No!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop -- are you in the doghouse!

DAGWOOD: What's wrong? Where's your mother?

ALEXANDER: She's gone.

DAGWOOD: Gone? Where'd she go?

ALEXANDER: I don't know, Pop, but she was pretty angry. It's her anniversary and you forgot it.

DAGWOOD: But I was just pretending, Alexander. I wanted to surprise her. It was just a joke. You know...(LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: She didn't think it was funny.

DITHERS: You should have been more careful, Dagwood. You hurt her feelings.

ALEXANDER: Do you know who Mom went away with?

DAGWOOD: Who?

ALEXANDER: Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: You should be more careful, J. C.

DITHERS: Alexander, have you any idea where they went?

ALEXANDER: I heard them say something about a hat sale.

DITHERS: That sounds logical.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

ALEXANDER: Cousin Edgar went along with them!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooooh!

ALEXANDER: And the way Mom and Mrs. Dithers were talking when they left, they don't care if they ever see either of you again.

DITHERS: (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: That's what we get for trying to surprise them on Friday the thirteenth. Come on, J. C., We've got to find our wives before they leave us forever.

MUSIC:

(DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES...)

CORA: Blondie -- what do you think of this hat on me? Do you like it?

BLONDIE: Yes, I think it's very becoming.

EDGAR: Mrs. Dithers, you look wonderful in it.

CORA: Oh, thank you, Mr. Slocum.

EDGAR: It's only the truth.

CORA: You don't think it's a little too young for me?

EDGAR: No, no -- not at all. It's perfect for a woman in her early thirties.

CORA: Well -- (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) -- uh -- I guess I'll take it then.

BLONDIE: Do you like this, Edgar?

EDGAR: Wait a minute, Blondie -- hold it! Don't move!

BLONDIE: Why -- uh -- what is it?

EDGAR: I want to remember this. Blondie -- you look just like an ad in Harper's Bazaar or Vogue. ^{CORA! She does.} Just the right pose -- just the right expression -- and that hat setting everything off so beautifully. Blondie, that hat is for you -- there isn't another woman in the country who could wear it as smartly.

BLONDIE: Why, Edgar -- how nice of you to say that.

EDGAR: You couldn't get anything better.

BLONDIE: Well, then, I think I'll buy this hat...I wonder if Dagwood would like it.

CORA: I was wondering what Julius would say about the one I picked out.

EDGAR: How could men who would neglect two lovely wives -- one on her birthday, and the other on her anniversary -- how could those men know anything about what's smart and becoming?...I don't want to say anything against them, but after all..!

BLONDIE: You're absolutely right, Edgar. And I'm glad you're along with us.

CORA: It's awfully sweet of you, Edgar...I may call you Edgar, mayn't I?

EDGAR: Why of course, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: Please call me Cora.

EDGAR: All right -- Cora.

CORA: You know, Blondie -- we're being very unfair to Edgar. We're buying everything for ourselves. I think we ought to get something for Edgar.

EDGAR: Oh, now please...

BLONDIE: We are being selfish, and Edgar, I insist you let us get something nice for you.

CORA: Our men may have neglected us, but you haven't, Edgar.

EDGAR: Any gentleman would do the same as I have.

BLONDIE: ^{COEA:} ~~Oh, no -- they wouldn't.~~ Come on -- we'll go over to the men's department and get something nice, as soon as we ^{charge} ~~pay for~~ our hats.

EDGAR: Well, you really shouldn't, but if you insist, what can I do but say yes.

Blondie: There, he said it, Cora.
MUSIC:

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DITHERS: What did the salesgirl say? Has she seen them?
DAGWOOD: I think so...She said there were two women and a man here a little bit ago, and the women both seemed to be very angry with their husbands.
DITHERS: Ohhhhhhhhh, that's us.
DAGWOOD: We're in an awful spot.
DITHERS: Who thought of this idea in the first place?
DAGWOOD: You did.
DITHERS: Oh.....Oh, yes.
DAGWOOD: The salesgirl said ~~that~~ ^{as soon as} they ~~changed~~ ^{changed} the hats they bought, they asked where the men's department was.
DITHERS: Well, we'd better go look for them, but personally, I think we're dead pigeons.

MUSIC:

EDGAR: This is really very sweet of you ^{girls} to give me these ties. I really shouldn't take them.
BLONDIE: No, Edgar -- you've been very wonderful to come along.
CORA: Yes, Edgar, it would have been rather grim without you.
EDGAR: Well, thank you Cora and Blondie. I hope that in a small way I've been able to make up for the absence of Dagwood and Mr. Dithers.
BLONDIE: You have...But I do wish Dagwood were along with us. Of course I haven't forgiven him for one minute, you understand, but after all, it's our anniversary, and even if he did forget, I wish he were here.
CORA: (SADLY) You know, Blondie, I feel the same way about Julius.

BLONDIE: We couldn't call them up, I suppose.

CORA: Oh no -- It would make us look pretty silly.

BLONDIE: Yes, it would...But maybe they'd understand.

CORA: They might...It wouldn't hurt to try.

BLONDIE: *Oh good,*

EDGAR: Now girls, don't you think you'd be making a big mistake. I mean, you can't go crawling back to them after the way they treated you this morning. Stick it out! Let them be the ones who are sorry. Now what you both need is a little lunch. You're probably hungry.

BLONDIE: I didn't have much appetite this morning.

CORA: Neither did I.

EDGAR: Come on -- I'll take you both to lunch and see that you get something special.

CORA: No, no -- we'll take you to lunch, Edgar. You're our guest.

EDGAR: Oh now, Cora...

CORA: We insist, don't we, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, Edgar -- we do.

EDGAR: I feel that I'm imposing on your -- oh.

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

EDGAR: Why -- uh -- nothing. Nothing, Blondie...Could you wait here for ~~me~~ just a minute. I'll be right back.

BLONDIE: Why, of course.

CORA: Don't be long now -- I'm getting hungry...(FADING)
(PAUSE)

EDGAR: (LOW) Dagwood! Mr. Dithers! Come here.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Edgar.

DITHERS: What is it, Slocum?

EDGAR: I'm glad we saw each other at the same time. I'll bet you two were just going to walk up and try to explain, weren't you?

DAGWOOD: We thought we'd better face it.

EDGAR: It's a good thing you didn't.

DITHERS: They -- uh -- they wouldn't be too happy to see us, eh?

EDGAR: Well, after all -- a birthday and an anniversary, and you both forgot.

DAGWOOD: But we didn't forget. We had things all planned for the day. We were just going to surprise them.

EDGAR: Does that sound believable?

DITHERS: You're right. I suppose no woman would understand...

DAGWOOD: Yeah. What're we going to do?

EDGAR: I've got an inspiration. I'll take them to lunch here in the store, then I'll tell them I got in touch with you, and you were both feeling pretty terrible, and you said you'd be right over. Then you can meet us just outside the restaurant. They'll be feeling better after a good lunch.

DITHERS: Well, anything to get this straightened out.

EDGAR: Just leave it to me...Oh, by the way, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

EDGAR: It's rather embarrassing, but I ^{Find I} left my wallet in my other suit.

DAGWOOD: Your wallet's always in that other suit. I ~~think~~ ^{think} it's sewed in.

DITHER: Look, Slocum, Dagwood and I will both chip in ~~five~~ ^{three} dollars for the lunch.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we'll both chip in -- how much?

DITHERS: Here's my ~~five~~ ^{three}...Now Slocum, for heaven's sake, build us up a little. Play on their heartstrings. Get them in a warm, sympathetic, understanding mood.

EDGAR: You can trust me, Mr. Dithers ... Where's your ~~five~~ ^{three}, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? ... Oh, yeah. Here you are.

EDGAR: Thank you...Now remember, we'll meet you outside the store restaurant in about an hour.

DAGWOOD: Okay, and don't forget to bring back our change.

MUSIC:

(DISCREET RESTAURANT SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we're ready to go.

CORA: Yes, I don't suppose I should have had that hot fudge sundae for dessert, but I feel better.

EDGAR: I want to thank both of you for treating me to such a wonderful lunch.

BLONDIE: That's all right, Edgar.

EDGAR: Now I have a little surprise for you. When I left you for a few moments before we came in here for lunch, I telephoned and located both your husbands.

BLONDIE: You did?

CORA: Oh, Edgar -- how can we ever thank you? You've been wonderful to us...Where are they?

EDGAR: They're waiting outside the restaurant for you, and they're feeling very penitent.

BLONDIE: Oh poor Dagwood. Come on -- let's go find them right away.

(SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

CORA: I certainly appreciate what you've done, Edgar. I'm glad that Julius has a man of your understanding working for him.

EDGAR: Well, I hope that I'll be able to continue working for him.

CORA: Well, I'll see to that! Julius usually takes my suggestions.

EDGAR: Oh, thank you, Cora.

CORA: *NOT AT ALL. EDGAR! BUT I INSIST.*
CORA: Not at all...Oh, there they are!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, you see it was this way. We thought --

BLONDIE: Oh, never mind about that.

CORA: Julius, I'm so glad you've come.

DITHERS: Hello, Cora. I'm sorry this happened, but we figured that--

CORA: Don't bother to explain. It's all right.

DAGWOOD: We should have known something like this would happen on Friday the thirteenth. But we've broken the jinx now.

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- and Cora and I have both been very fortunate. We got two perfectly lovely hats, didn't we Cora?

CORA: We'll show them to you right now...Edgar helped us pick them out.

EDGAR: Yes -- they're very striking.

(SOUND OF OPENING BOXES)

BLONDIE: Here's mine, Dagwood! See.

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) Holy smoke! ~~IT~~ Scared me.

CORA: And here's mine, Julius!

DITHERS: (MUTTERS) Great suffering humanity!

BLONDIE: Well, how do you like them?

CORA: Yes -- what do you think? ...Well, Julius? (PAUSE) Well?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't you say something?

DAGWOOD: I'm speechless!

BLONDIE: Oh!

CORA: Julius, ^{CAESAR DITHERS} I am never going to speak to you again!

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhh, the only one who's been nice to us today has been Edgar. Come on, Edgar -- take us away from these -- these ~~people~~! TAKE US AWAY, EDGAR!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Friday the thirteenth has certainly put a jinx on the joint celebration of the Bumsteads and the Dithers. ~~Edgar~~ Edgar hasn't helped matters any, but he's done nicely for himself. Do you suppose Dagwood and Mr. Dithers will ever be able to explain? Well, we'll see in just a moment how it turns out, but first listen to the sound of an Army Air Force man in action.

(HUM OF MACHINE, SUCH AS A DRILL)

GOODWIN: No, that's no plane motor -- it's a machine tool -- but it's used by soldiers close to the front lines, in the new Mobile Air Depot Groups. They're mechanized plane repairing units, equipped to move rapidly with troops, up to advanced fighting plane stations, and they can rebuild damaged planes. even within shell-fire distance of the enemy. Takes a new-type fighting man for this work, but plenty of these new technical soldiers still have some of the old Army ideas of nineteen-seventeen. Around the Post Exchanges you still hear --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please!

GOODWIN: Sure, fighting men new or old like the cigarette with extra flavor -- and the smooth extra mildness that lets a fellow enjoy it! The figures prove that! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Economy's one big reason for that!

VOICE: You bet! Camels are slower-burning! They give me extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Yep, and cooler smoking, too!

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GOODWIN: Well, you know why -- it's Camel's costlier tobaccos -- blended expertly and matchlessly, as only Camel knows how to blend. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And remember -- it's easy to send a carton of Camels to men in the service. Just give your dealer the address -- he'll tend to wrapping and mailing. Get Camels for yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a fraction of a second later. Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are still staring with stunned expressions at the hats. Blondie and Mrs. Dithers are holding ... And then ...

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Blondie -- it's -- (SWALLOWS) it's beautiful!

BLONDIE: What?

DITHERS: Cora, that's a wonderful hat!

CORA: Why, Julius!

DITHERS: It must have cost a fortune. ^{CORA: IT DID!} I've -- er -- I've never seen anything like it.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- do you really like my hat?

DAGWOOD: It's very startling ^{Blondie: What?} I mean, it's so original.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood, I didn't think you liked it. Why didn't you say so at first?

DAGWOOD: Er -- it took my breath away.

BLONDIE: Well... You know, we're awfully glad you both came here.

CORA: Yes, we were telling Edgar just before he telephoned you how much we really missed having you along.

DITHERS: What's that?

DAGWOOD: You mean, you weren't angry with us? But Edgar said --

EDGAR: Oh, excuse me, folks -- but I know you'd like to be together for the rest of the day, so I think I'll just run along.

DAGWOOD: Hey, ~~wait~~ a minute. I thought you said --

EDGAR: Goodbye ... Happy anniversary, Blondie, and happy birthday, Cora... (FADING)

BLONDIE: Thank you, Edgar.

CORA: Goodbye, Edgar.

DITHERS: Why that so-and-so double crossed us! He told us you were both --

CORA: Now, Julius, please don't say anything about Edgar. He was very nice to us.

BLONDIE: Yes. He remembered it was our ninth anniversary.

CORA: And Julius, I want you to see that Edgar stays on with the the Dithers Company.

DITHERS: But Cora, I was going to fire him. He doesn't show any interest in his work.

CORA: What makes you say that?

DITHERS: He only comes into the office on pay-day.

CORA: I want you to keep him on, Julius. ^{Dithers: But Cora -} He's a very fine man -- he's very understanding. ^{Well, Julius?}

DITHERS: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: But we remembered, too. We just thought we'd pretend to forget, then surprise you both. ^{didn't we, C? Dithers: That's right. Cora: you did?} Look Blondie -- it's our pottery anniversary, so the best thing I could get you in pottery was this!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! It's ~~the~~ bracelet of Wedgewood cameos!

^{It's beautiful!}
CORA: ^{It's lovely, isn't it Julius?}
DAGWOOD: Just a little thing I picked up.

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhhh, Dagwoooooood....!

DITHERS: By the way, Cora -- here's a little remembrance for your birthday. You always wanted a star sapphire ring.

CORA: Julius! My wonder man!

DITHERS: (COUGHS IN EMBARRASSMENT) Oh -- it was nothing. I thought

^{you'd like it.}
CORA: ^{How much did you pay for this, Julius?}
DAGWOOD: We've got lots of plans for today, Blondie, and -- holy smoke! Look at the crowd we've collected!

(SOUND OF A NUMBER OF PEOPLE LAUGHING)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- let's get out of here!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h-h, we don't want to wake the children up.

DAGWOOD: No -- they're probably sound asleep.

BLONDIE: It's been a wonderful anniversary, Dagwood -- even if it did get off to a bad start.

DAGWOOD: That cousin Edgar! He used this whole thing to keep his job at the Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: But he did remember, Dagwood. He gave us half a dozen ~~uh~~, *Five* pottery ash trays.

ALEXANDER: (ALoud) Happy Anniversary!

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Burglars! Help! Poli -- Oh, it's you, ~~Alexander~~. *Baby Dumpling.*

BLONDIE: Alexander, what are you doing up at this hour?

ALEXANDER: I just wanted to give you my anniversary present.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Why, Alexander, -- that's very thoughtful of you.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you remembered.

ALEXANDER: Sure...Here it is. It's a pottery cigarette box to keep your Camels in.

(RATTLE OF CIGARETTE BOX)

BLONDIE: That's wonderful, Alexander. And look! It just matches the ash trays that Cousin Edgar gave us.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, Mom. I bought the cigarette box and the ash trays together, but when Cousin Edgar heard you talking to Mrs. Dithers this morning, he made a deal with me for the ash trays. I made a small profit and I'm going to buy you some more ash trays with it.

DAGWOOD: We'd rather you used that money to help fill up your book of defense stamps.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop.

BLONDIE: My goodness. You know -- you two were the only ones who really did remember the anniversary.

DAGWOOD: We wouldn't forget anything like that.

ALEXANDER: Of course not.

BLONDIE: My, I've got a wonderful family. You, Dagwood -- and you, Alexander...

COOKIE: (A FEW NOISES FROM OFF)

BLONDIE: Yes, Cookie -- I'm not forgetting you, either.

(A FEW BARKS FROM THE DOGS IN THE KITCHEN)

BLONDIE: And Daisy and the pups, too.

DAGWOOD: You're forgetting one person, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Who's that?

DAGWOOD: Listen.

EDGAR: (SNORING FROM OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- and Cousin Edgar.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) We Bumsteads lead a bumpy life.

BLONDIE: But I wouldn't trade it for anything in the whole world!

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
2/9/42

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GOODWIN: Here's a little tip about next week's show. Well, when Alexander takes Cookie out for a ride on his sled, he figures it is all right to leave her alone for a moment. A little bit later, he comes running back to tell Blondie and Dagwood that Cookie has disappeared. She's gone... vanished...and left no clues behind her. Well, ~~Cookie is pretty small and the town is pretty big, so the Dumstonds have quite a job on their hands trying to find their wandering daughter, aged ten months.~~ Don't forget to listen in next week for the fun when "Blondie catches up with Cookie." "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt, who also creates the special musical effects. And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday night it's "Xavier Cugat," Thursday night it's the "Al Pearce Show" and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'", with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

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GOODWIN: Yes, Sir, the Camels are coming -- and in army language that means that once again the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one Army camp to another, giving free shows for the men. Tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday the Camel Caravan will be at Fort Dix, New Jersey, Thursday at Fort Slocum, New York, Friday at Fort Ontario, New York and Saturday they will be at Madison Barracks, New York. Best wishes, Camel Caravan, may your audiences have a grand time.

~~This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.~~

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

"BLONDIE"
2/9/42

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ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, if you've got a thin little dime in your pocket, make it feel important by trading it in for a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. You'll smile, too, when you see that George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Try George Washington tonight! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!